

WAYS OF PUBLISHERS.

How the Work of Unknown Authors is Judged—Terms of Publication.

"Permit me to ask what is first done with a manuscript after its receipt?" asked a young correspondent of a New York publisher.

"It is once turned over to a 'reader,' who takes it with him, and after examining it carefully returns it to us with his opinion as to its merit or lack of merit. We have eight readers, each reading one copy for this purpose. If a reader comes to a conclusion with a strong impression we then consider the merits of the work from a commercial standpoint, whether it is likely to sell, how much it will cost for production, etc. Frequently we turn the manuscript over to a second 'reader' and sometimes to a third. If one says, 'This is a strong work,' or words to that effect, of course their recommendations go a long way in the question of publication."

"What kind of persons do you generally employ as readers?"

"The men or women of culture, who themselves have done literary work; sometimes a lawyer who finds time from his professional duties to give attention to literary pursuits, or a doctor similarly situated, and sometimes a woman who has had sufficient time to do the work. When we have any manuscript on a specialty, as scientific, medical, or other subject of the kind, we engage some recognized professional man in that particular. All our readers are trustworthy, and some have been recommended to us by for years; one woman has been reading for us over eight years."

"Do you publish the works at your own risk, or do the writers assume part of the expense?"

"Nearly always the writers are required to bear a part of the expense of the first edition; always when they are new writers. Sometimes they cannot get into print without bearing the entire expense. It is a fact not generally known that Longfellow paid within a small amount of the total cost of printing his first volume of poems, and James Russell Lowell paid all the expense of his first work."

"What is an ordinary edition and its cost?"

"A book of 400 pages is considered an edition at 1,000, and the total cost, including paper, ink, type, and labor, is \$1,500. This first edition, if all sold, will bring a net return of only \$675, leaving \$825 unaccounted for. A second edition will cost only \$400, as the plates are on hand, and the cost of labor that were used on this edition the net return will again be \$675, leaving still \$225 of the original expenditure to be gotten out of the work. On the next edition, if one can be disposed of, this shortage is cleared up, and a very small profit is made. So there is seen to be that, to be a slightly profitable investment, there must be at least three editions of 1,000 copies of every book published. How can publishers be blamed for their extreme caution?"

A CHILD AND A WASP.

His Mother Tells the Nurse to Let Him Have It and He Gets It.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis express on the Erie Railway, between Port Jervis and Jersey City, yesterday morning, was a little, pale-faced, woman, accompanied by a bright-looking Irish nurse-girl, who had charge of a self-willed tyroccan two-year-old boy, of whom the overwrought mother was afraid to part with. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and child were in a seat immediately in front of her. The child gave such frequent exhibitions of temper, and was so difficult to manage, that she could not restrain that there was a general feeling of savage indignation among the passengers. Although he time and indulged in his nurse's face, scratched her, and pulled at her hair, she bore with him patiently. The indignation of the passengers was made the greater because the child had been made to correct or quiet him, but had been unable to elide the nurse or however she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelled for, the mother's eyes was uniformly: "Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!"

By the time the train passed Tarentum the feelings of the passengers had been wrought up to the boiling point. The remark was made suddenly here, and there that "the nurse must be let have it." The young one glanced out of the window. The nurse's mother was too moved by the very evident sympathy the passengers showed her, to let her have it. She had no comfortable cap. The child had slipped theurse in her face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack when a boy came from some distance in rear and dashed the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once made a dive for the wap as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quietly caught his hand, and said to him: "Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!"

Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick. The nurse sprang forward to protect her cap. She heard her son's screams, and, without lifting her head or opening her eyes, she cried out sharply to the nurse: "Why will you tease that child so?"

"Mary, let her have it at once!"

Mary let go of Harry. She settled back in her seat with air of resignation, but there was a sparkle in her eye. The boy clutched at her hair and firmly held it. The child that followed, caused joy to the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it."

Mary sat with a twinkle in her seat, and with a wicked smile in her eye said: "Sure, he's got it, m'm."

This brought the entire train into a roar. Every one in it seemed to have sprung up from a rock. When she learned what the master was she pulled her boy over the back of the seat and awoke some sympathy for him by laying him across her lap. The boy lay there for a few minutes he was as quiet and meek as a lamb, and he never opened his head again until the train reached Jersey City.—New York Sun.

Sermonizing.

The Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, of Glasgow, Scotland, has preached more than forty-six years to the same congregation. One of his former parishioners, now a New York merchant, Dr. Jeffrey explained to him his long silence. "I have the same audience so long," he said, "I read every new book that has a bearing upon my special work," he said, "and make extracts from it, and index them so that at any moment I can find them when wanted. In this way I keep myself from growing stale, and I keep my audience interested, and I keep so far ahead with my sermons that there are always ten or fifteen unfinished ones lying in my drawer ready to receive the results of my latest readings. I can then 'sleeping sermons,' but it is they that sleep, and not the people who hear them."

A Friendly Call.

Mr. Smith (to editor). "My name is Smith. I just dropped in to pay you—Eliza offering a chair." "All right, sir." (To boy) "James, whistle downstairs for Mr. Smith's audience."

Mr. Smith (dropping into the chair) "Er—to pay you a little visit."

Poetry in the Bud.

Seven-year-old Julie (thoughtfully)—Do you know mamma, what makes the trees sing? (To mother) "Mamma, I don't know, but I think it's the wind." "No, Julie, it's the leaves, dearie." "Oh, no, mamma, that's not it." "Not the breeze?" "No, mamma, it's because the trees are lonesome for the birds to come home."

Striking a General Average.

The man whose name gets into the paper a thousand times his consent should go to and stay at the hotel where he wants to be wanted. It is—[New Orleans]



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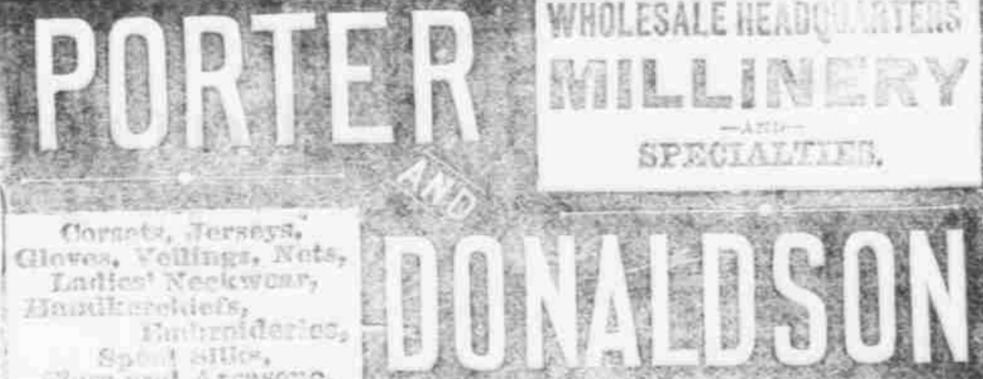
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